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Ghostdancing



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CASE

JAMIE DELANO
RICHARD CALE



COYOTE SLEEPS IN
THE LODGE BETWEEN
THE WORLDS!

**DOM DOM DOM DOM
DOM DOM DOM DOM**

WHILE HIS RELATIVES
DANCE TO KEEP THE
EARTH TURNING, COYOTE
IS CHASING HIS BACK
HIS FORMER...

HE USED IT ALL UP AGAIN
CALLED THEM THROUGH OUT
IN THE FOURTH WORLD
HE TRIED TO MAKE UP THE
HUMAN BEINGS BUT HIS
CHILDREN WERE DOUBTING

HIS FORMER BE BOUNDED ON HIM. COYOTE'S
POWER ALWAYS RESOURCES ON HIM. HE
FINDS A DOME AND IT TURNS INTO A
BATTLE-SPACE. HE DANGLES WITH
HIS EYES AND LOOKS THEM

HE KEEPS ON DOING IT.
IT IS HIS RHYTHM. HE NEVER
LEAVES.

THE PEOPLE DANCE THE
DANCE OF GHOSTS

COYOTE SLEEPS
COYOTE DREAMS IN
TIME THE FIFTH WORLD
WILL COME FROM THE
MIST AND THESE
THINGS MUST HAPPEN
TO HIM AGAIN

DOM DOM DOMMA DOM
 OM DOM DOMMA DOM



COYOTE-OLD-MAN... COYOTE-OLD-MAN, WAKE UP!

SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING OUTSIDE IN THIS WORLD.



WHAT...? IS THAT YOU, COYOTE-OLD-MAN? I'VE TRIED LET ME REST.



WE ARE ALL THOSE COYOTE-OLD-MAN WE HAVE BEEN DANCING A LONG TIME WHILE YOU SLEPT. NOW, SOME ONE OUT THERE IS DANCING WITH US.

DOMMA DOM



THEY'RE DOING IT AGAIN.

JUST THE RHYTHM IS CLOSE, THERE'S A BEAT IN IT.

YOU SHOULD SEE WHO IT IS, COYOTE-OLD-MAN.



NO, I WILL NOT GO OUT AGAIN. NOT UNTIL THE BAD CREAY FOURTH WORLD HAS BEEN SWEEP AWAY AND THE HUMAN BRINGS RESPECT IN AND AM COMEABLE AGAIN.



NONE OF YOU HAVE
BEEN OUTSIDE, NOW
DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS
THAT AIR IS BAD OUT THERE.
IT HURTS MY LUNGS.
THE FOOD IS POISONED.
IT MAKES ME SICK.



THE HUMAN BEINGS IN THE
FOURTH WORLD ARE DEAD
AND IMBARTUHAL, ASK
WHITE-BUFFALO-NOMAN,
SHE'S BEEN OUT
SOME KNOWING.

WHITE
BUFFALO-NOMAN
HAS NOT COME BACK,
CONCHU-CLUPAN.



WHY SHE
IS LOST.

WHY SHE IS TRAPPED
IN HER DREAMING.

WHY
OUR DREAMS
HAVE KILLED
HER.

YOU ALL WORRY TOO MUCH.
IT WAS ONLY "MISTERY" WE
BOTH WENT OUT TO SEE IF ANY
OF THEM WERE READY TO
REMEMBER THE PEOPLE
WAY TO LIVE.



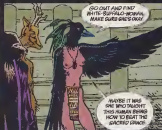
SHE LL BE BACK
AS SOON AS SHE SEE
ITS HOMELESS.



YOU ARE
FORGETTING THAT
THEY LIVE MUCH FASTER
OUT THERE, CONCHU-
CLUPAN. ONE CYCLE
OF OUR DANCE COULD BE
A FULL PAGESSE OF
THESE SEASONS FOR
THEM.



WHILE YOU HAVE SLEPT,
SPOOKS AND SCREAMING EAR
AGE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN BORN
IN THE FOURTH WORLD AND
BECOME FULL-GROWN.



DOM DOM DOM DOM

THE CRUISET IS HIS DREAM
EVERYTHING IS DANCING

THE ROCKS WITH THEIR
SHADOWS THE WIND WITH
THE GATHERING CLOUDS
THE STARS WITH ETERNITY.

SEANAST TELLS HIMSELF HE'S
NOT AFRAID — BUT HIS HEART
DANCES SO!

SOMETHING IS
DIFFERENT THIS
TIME.



OVER THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,
SNAKE HAS UTILIZED EVERY PSYCHO-
TECHNIC CONCEPTION HE COULD
DEVELOP TO REINTEGRATE A DAMAGED
CONSCIOUSNESS--

HOLDING ON TO THE
DEEPEST-HOPED THAT THE
SHINING VISION OF IMPACT
AT THE BEGINNING WAS MORE
THAN TANGIBLE ILLUSION, A FANTASY
BECAUSE OF THE PAIN...



CELESTINALLY REFUSING TO DOUBT
THAT THE MAGIC WAS ALIVE, THAT
THE SHINING VISION...

FINALLY, HERE HE IS AGAIN,
FIGHTING WITH THAT MINDFUL,
FIRST-TIME BUZZ, SOMETHING
TO THAT SILENT, NOTHING-
CAN-HAPPEN SILENCE--



...WHERE SILENCE...



THERE IS

NO MORE

TIME FOR COSENT

THOUGHT

JUST TERROR
POUNDING

PANIC

RUDDER LEFT
SMOTHERING

EXPANDING

BLACK, HOT WINDS
SPREADING

EXPLODING

A PULSE-RACE ROLLING
THUNDER CRAT

A SUBSONIC SWING
OF STONE

THE EARTH
BECOMES FLUD

UNRULABLE
PRESSURE

RELEASED

ROCKETED BY LIGHT

HEART STOP

THE RUP

FALL OUT INTO THE
CHAOS OF PROFOUND
IRREVOCABLE CHANGE



UNEASINESS. THREAT.

THE STARS SWIRL ABOVE. JOSEPH THINKS HE DOES NOT RECOGNIZE THESE PATTERNS. WHAT WORKS HIM?



POUNDING. MOONLIGHT HAS TURNED THE PLAINS DARK. TO A SILVER DOME HE IS ALONE. THE FIRE IS DEAD.



HE FEELS IT BEFORE HE HEARS IT—A CONTINUOUS CHIRPING THAT ADMITS HIS GUILT.



POSSIBLY ARE JUMPING AT HIS FEET. A CONSTANT RUMBLE GROWS TO GROUNDING. HIS FEARS SHAKEN HIM AS HE UNDERSTANDS.



OUT OF THE WIND, BUFFALO ARE RUNNING.

BUT THERE ARE NO GREAT HERDS
ANymore. THEY'RE ALL GONE,
ALL SHOT, ALL DEAD.



POWDER SMOKE IN THE AIR,
HOT OIL-PO-STEEL.

SMOKE, BLOOD, SMOKE, SHIT. THE
STRETCH OF DESERTED HIDE,
TANGLED CURLS, UPROOTED
TONGUES, BULLHARDS AND
BONE-MOUNTAINS.

THE GLORIOUS RHYTHM
OF EXTERMINATION.

AND YET THE GROUND IS BUCKING AND
HEAVING. THE SCURRING, SNOOTING,
STEADY DRAMMING RIGHT IS CLOSING
AROUND HIM.

THE BUFFALO
ARE RUNNING.

TERRIFIED, CODY
SCRAMBLES FOR
HIS RIFLE, BUT HIS
TRAIL STEEL
BETRAYS HIM.

FLIPPING IN HIS
HANDS, NOTHING,
RATTLING LIKE
A SNAKE.





AK!

GOODDAMN IT,
GOOY *is* GETTIN'PA
RE.



YAAACH!

CHIESSAKKE, YOU'VE
SWEPT SO MUCH THE SHEETS
ARE WET.



GOODEE...

JUST SHUT THE
FUCK UP, CUNT! I HAD
A DREAM, THAT'S
ALL.



IT WAS TEN MINUTES
WALK, LIKE, I WAKE UP
AN' YOURS BEHAVING AN'
TWITCHING AN' EVERY
GOODDAMN THING IS
SHAKING...



IT WAS CROOKY, Y'KNOW,
I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT
WAS GOING ON 'TILH SUDDENLY
I THINK, BASTARDS--AN' LIKE,
WAKE IN DORNA RE BEFORE I'M 21.



WELL, WHAT THE
FUCK DO YOU EXPECT,
BABY? THIS AS L.A.



STARFEST CLOUDS IN
A GHOST-MOON SKY.
THE PEOPLE ARE
RUNNING.



THEY ARE RUNNING IN THE
MIST. FEEL THEIR PLANNING.
FEEL THEM COLLAPSING IN
THE DARTH. FEEL THEIR
CRUMBLING IN THE AIR.



HEAR THAT,
HEARER.



SHE THINKS MAYBE SHE
SHOULD BE RUNNING TOO--
BUT SHE CAN'T REMEMBER
WHY, OR WHO THEY ARE.



ONE THING MAKES SHE
SHOULD CHASE-- BUT SHE
IS TRAPPED IN THE SACRI-
FICE OF ROSEMARY'S
FROTH BY THE TERRIBLE
BAPTISM'S INCEP.



THE GOLD-SPICE
WHICH SPINS THE
ARCADE OF A
CHILD.

THERE WAS A CHILL
PAIN, BRIGHT TENDRILS--
THE WILD, MAGICAL
CREATION OF HER
BLOOD, HER TEARS
AND MUCUS.



WHAT HAPPENED TO IT? DID IT
DIE? ALIVE AND ONLY DREAMT
IT. IT DIDN'T REALLY MATTER
ANMORE.



THEY ARE RUNNING, THE
PEOPLE ARE RUNNING
THROUGH HER, SHE
SHAKES.

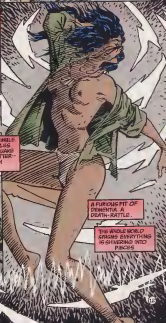


HER THIGHS TREMBLED
HER BELLY SWELLING
HER BREASTS GLOWING
HER HANDS FLUTTERED--
EYES AND TEETH
VIBRATED.



A FURIOUS PIT OF
DEMENTIA, A
DEATH-RATTLE.

THE WHOLE WORLD
CRASHES, EVERYTHING
IS SHATTERING INTO
PIECES.





NEAREST
POLARIS



HER HEART
GALLONS WITH A
ROLLING DECAT



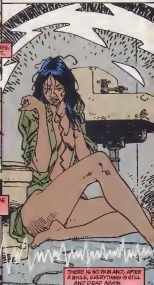
BLOOD PULSATING, SPLATTS,
SOMETHING HAS TO BURST.



SHE WANTS TO
SQUEAM BUT
THAT IS NOT
HER WAY



INSTEAD SHE GRINDS
HER TEETH HARD
THROUGH HER LIP.



THERE IS NO PAIN AND, AFTER
A WHILE, EVERYTHING IS STILL
AND DEAD AGAIN.



UP A WESTERN HORSE,
STORM SURF IS PRANCING.



AND WINGS FROM WINGS
OVERHEAD, CRASHING HIS
ONSET, HIS HEART FLAPS
FRANTICALLY TO JOIN THEIR
FLYING FREEDOM.



WITH THE BREATH OF
ANARCHY, DARTING ON
HIS NECK, BROTHER
CHRISTOPHER
FADING AND GIBBERING
ACROSS A LANDSCAPE
OF INSTABILITY--



-- REELS ON THROUGH
THE DESERT WILDERNESS
TOWARDS THE GROUND
CRACK OF THE CITY



BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE
THE BELEAGUER OF HIS HOME
FORT COGAR, DRIVEN TO THE
BLASPHEMOUS RHYTHM WITH
QUAKING OR SCALITY

SOMEWHERE NEAR GENERAL
CLUSTER PLAZA, THE THUNDERBOLTS,
PULSING CLOUD RUNS HIM
DOWN--

--KINGLIPS AND
BAGGERS HIM--

--PILLS HIM WITH A
CREEPY PERCUSSION
TENDON, A HAMMERING
DINGING OF FUSIONION,
DESPERATE FOR RELEASE--

--WHICH COMES IN A
GUSTY, MOOTING
JERKING OF TANT-GIN;
A JAGGED BIRTH OF
STUNNING AND PAINFUL
BEAUTY--

--THE FIRST CLAMOR
OF THE SINICAN MYSTERY
SERIES--



SECRETLY CHRISTOPHER
WAKES, EYES CLOSED
AND GREETING IN THE
AIR: COMFORTABLE
NIGHT



NOTHING IS DIFFERENT, HIS
SKIN IS UNTOUCHED, ELECTRODES
STILL ATTACHED.



E.E.G. STILL
SCREAMING
OUT HIS RAGE.



AROUND HIM, HIS HOMETOWN
SLEEPS IN REGULAR TRANSLUCENT
NO AROUSALS HAVE BEEN
PERCEIVED IN THE NIGHT - NO
INNOCENCE VIOLATED HERE.



NOTHING IS DIFFERENT BUT
EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED?



JESUS, GAKE
THAT'S A MESS.
WHAT'VE YOU BEEN
DOING, MAN?



DEHYDRATED.



JUST MUST
LIKE AREA

WELL...
OH, MAYBE I
DUNNO.



RIGHT, I SHOULD. GO
WHAT'VE YOU ON YOUR
TUNE, NASTY?

OH...? HELLO
I'M ON FIRE, JON.
I'M ON COURSE
ON THE MOUNTAIN ON
THE SHIRING
DOWN



YEAH, OLD
SHAKE IS RIGHT
BACK ON THE ROAD
AGAIN



GET EVERYONE
TOGETHER IN THE
MEETING-LOOSE. I'M
GOT SOME STUFF
TO SAY

REMEMBER BACK THEN? FIVE YEARS AGO
TO WHEN WE WERE YOUNG AND IN LOVE WITH
LIFE. REMEMBER THAT EIGHT-PLACED
FOUR-TIME PERFORMER?



REMEMBER HOW
THE WORLD WAS HEATING
AND WE HAD THE ENERGY
TO SHARE IT TO ONE
PERSON?



"REMEMBER GOLDEN GATE PARK, HIGHLIGHT
OF SIXTY-EIGHT? A HUNDRED THOUSAND
PEOPLE DANCING IN THE SUN. THE DEAD
PLAYED 'THE AIRPLANE' HARRISON AND
THE DOORS.

"YES, THE
CROWD WAS
BUZZING.



"THEN WE CAME ON AND GAVE
THEM FIFTY WORLD SAGA—
PLAYED IT FOR OVER AN HOUR.
NO ONE WANTED IT TO END!

"HELL, WE
COULDN'T
STOPPED.



"BROWN BART WAS DELIRIOUS
POUNCE-ON AND ON. JERRY
CAME BACK AND SANG
DANCE AND SINGING, SHE WAS
DANCING LIKE A MANIAC.

"THE PEOPLE WERE
STOPPING AT STOPPING
SO HARD I
GUESS THE EARTH
WOULD FOR NO



"AND I THOUGHT, HELL, THIS IS IT. NOTHING CAN STAND AGAINST ALL OF THIS. WE'RE GONNA BEING THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF SHIT CRASHING DOWN, FOR GOOD!"



"TROUBLE WAS IT FELL ON TOP OF US."



"FOR ME, THAT NIGHT WAS THE CLIMAX AND IT WASN'T ENOUGH. ONE BY ONE THE BORN-KILLER SOCIETY MEMBERS PLACED US UP MORE US DOWN, TURNED US AGAINST EACH OTHER..."



"...HATED US."

"ONE, SOME OF US KEPT THE FAITH, HED OUT IN THE DESERT, MAKING UP THE MYTHS..."



"...TRYING TO RESTORE THE DREAM, FIGHTING OFF INTERFERENCE AND AGE..."

"BUT HOWEVER HARD WE TRIED, HOWEVER MANY YEARS WE TOOK DOWN OUR OWN TROOPS, IT WAS NEVER THE SAME AGAIN."



"UNTIL NOW"



I MIND THIS UP YESTERDAY AND TOOK SOME UP ON THE MESA LAST NIGHT. IT CAME ON LIKE A GOODBYE TEAR... A MARELINE STRAIGHT TO THE MAGIC HEART OF THE WORLD. I FELT LIKE I WAS FALLING OFF THE EDGE OF THE EARTH.

"THIS RHYTHM BROWN MARY ONCE PLAYED" SO CAME THUNDERING INTO MY HEAD AND I STARTED RAMMING IT OUT ON THE GROUND



"IT WAS LIKE THE EARTH WAS FOLLOWING MY FEET... THE WHOLE PLANET RESONATING, WAKING UP



"EVERYTHING WAS COMING... THE WIND, THE CLOUDS, THE ROCKS... AND EVERYTHING WAS CHANGING TOO."



NOW EVERYTHING IS CLEAR. AGAIN, MY FEET HAVE BEEN CLEANED. I SEE EVERY DETAIL OF THE WORLD... EVERY BRICK OF DUST... EVERY LIZARD-TWITCH.

AND I KNOW I'M NEVER GOING BACK AND THAT GULL NINE WORLD NO MORE.



BEATS THE BEAUTY OF THIS STUFF. YOU ONLY HAVE TO TAKE IT ONCE.



HILL, DON'T TAKE IT NOW FOR IT YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT FOR YOURSELFING.

SOMEONE FETCH DOWN MARY'S DOLL WE'RE GONNA HAVE A CEMETERY.

DOM DOM DOM DOM DOM DOM DOM DOM



GRABE ROCKS AND FISTS
FURIOUS HANDS GALLOPING
OVER A DELUGED PLAIN



THE CROWD
STAMPS AND
DANCES.

HUH?



DON'T STOP
NOW (DRUM
CHOIR)

WHERE THE
FUCK DID YOU
STAND FRONT

I WAS ASLEEP
NOW WAKE ME UP
I'VE BEEN FOLLOW-
ING YOU



WHO TAUGHT YOU THAT BEATS?

A WOMAN I KNEW
A LONG TIME AGO. I
FORGOT IT, THEN I
REMEMBERED IT
AGAIN.



CRAPPE...

AFTER YOU DRINKED
THIS, I GUESS, DRINKS
LIKE PRETTYGOOD
SHIT.

TRY
SOME.



OH NO, IT'D JUST MAKE
ME BAD AT CRAPPE.

WHO
ARE YOU
THANK?



DID YOU EVER
HEAR OF FATHER
CRAPPE?



NO.



WELL,
THAT'S
ALL.





TO BE CONTINUED